

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 50—VOL. XX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1809.

NO. 1040

LOUISA.

(In Continuation.)

Louisa did not know that her garment was that of a seducer. The delicate and lovely folds in which it was displayed not to conceal her shape—the gentle heaving of her virgin bosom, covered with a modest veil—her blushing cheeks, the timid look of her swimming eyes, her elegant auburn hair, which flowed in careless ringlets on her shoulders. The painter, who at this moment could have copied her figure as she lay reclined upon the seat in the arbour, surrounded by the songs of nightingales, when the morning dew sparkled on the bushes, and the opening flowers scattered their perfumes. The reputation of the painter had been lost for ever.

Ferdinand threw both his arms around Louisa, and leaned forwards to impress his lips on hers; she disengaged herself, and with a serious aspect, full of nobleness of soul, and in most love, told him that she loved Ferdinand as long as he was modest.

"Pardon me, Louisa, even respect forgets itself before you, my seducer. But I withhold this kiss till I receive an answer from your father, and I will write to him to-day."

"To my father?—Ferdinand! Ferdinand! for God's sake don't!"

"Why not?"

"Ah! it is a secret."

"A secret!"

"Which no one knows but two or three confidential friends."

"And which I am not allowed to know, Louisa?"

"Yes!" said she, after pausing for a moment—"You shall know it—you must know it. Ferdinand—I—I am married!"

"Married! you are married, Louisa?"

She told him the circumstances of her marriage, and the reason of her retirement, and concealed nothing from him but the name of her husband.

"Well, Louisa!" said he at last, after long reflection, "could you love me if you durst?"

An involuntary sigh, and her eyes, which were fixed upon the ground, were a sufficient answer.

"You shall dare then, heavenly girl. If the judges are not just, the Monarch is; I will apply to him. He knows me, he hears me, and we are happy."

"The Monarch! Oh, Heavens! he'll never hear you. My husband is his favourite!"

"Favourite! what favourite? his name, Louisa?"

She told him: the Baron was struck as by a flash of lightning. He paused for a moment, took his hat, fell upon one knee before her, and pressed his lips upon her hand. "This afternoon I will return," said he, and hastened from her.

She sat with her head reclined, and her eyes fixed upon the ground. A deep sigh eased the burden of her heart. She considered whether she should continue this private conversation, dreaded her weakness, and forbade

herself to speak in future with the Baron without a witness. In the mean time she recollected he might be driven by his passions to venture upon incautious measures with the King. She must make him swear again, therefore, not to reveal the secret, and resolved, for this time, to wait for his arrival.

He came, and presented her a written paper, then hung a portrait about her neck, pressed her to his bosom, imprinted a fervent kiss upon her lips, and as he said "farewell," sprang upon his horse, and hurried from her view. Astonished at this singular behaviour, she took the paper, trembled as she opened it, and read as follows:—

"LOUISA,

"I was thirteen years of age, when your husband was twenty; our parents saw each other often. Your husband was an officer in the guards—his fine figure distinguished him among the other officers, and the fire of his eyes was a saying with my sisters. My bow had been taken from me, because I had done mischief with it, but I got another privately. One afternoon I was alone at home, and wanted to shoot a sparrow from my room, in the yard; the arrow flew through the window to the steps; your husband at that moment came up, a piece of the broken glass struck him in the eye. I ran to him, and fell at his feet. "Don't be uneasy, Ferdinand," was all he said. He contrived to tell a plausible story about the accident, in which I never was mentioned; and after suffering a great deal of pain in attempting to restore his sight, he lost his eye, and procured his dismissal from the service. In order to make himself of use in another line, he went to the university, and avoided all society, to whom he thought a man with one eye would be an object of indifference. He laboured day and night at his writing-desk, acquired a fund of knowledge, such as few in the kingdom possess, and—got his prominent shoulder, which, though it does not command respect, is, at least, far from meriting abhorrence.

"I was on the point of being guilty without my knowledge; but the moment you told me whose wife you were, Louisa, the flame of the lover was extinguished, and my love became my sister, my amiable sister, whom I conjure by all that is great and noble, not to fly a man who deserves only to be known. If you knew the many admirable traits of the goodness of his heart, which I know, you then would be able to love him—you would be forced to love him. A portrait of him, which was drawn but a short time before the unlucky accident, I have preserved till now as a sacred relic. Let it hang about your neck; ponder upon it, and acknowledge that nature had in the highest degree ennobled the original.

"Venture but to know him, and in a short time you will say that a man may have a single eye, may be deformed in his person, and yet be the most amiable of men. These, Louisa, are the words of a man who would have contested for you with a monarch, but a man who will never commit an action which may call in question his integrity."

Louisa was now motionless; she wished to comprehend such greatness, and her bosom rose till a deep sigh suppressed its heaving. She threw a timid glance upon the portrait, as it hung upon her neck, and started at the fire of the large, full, and friendly eyes, as one starts at the appearance of a departed spirit. Admiration, shame, astonishment, and indignation, came across her soul. She knew not where she was, or what had passed; she could fix her thoughts upon no certain object, and sometimes put the question to herself, if she really was awake.

In this manner she sat for half an hour, collected herself a little, looked again upon the letter, and read it with somewhat more attention than before. The Baron now appeared to her as a being of a superior kind, a divinity, whom she could not but wonder at, and honour; but whom she durst not wish for the possession of. Reverence predominated, and supplanted love retreated.

Louisa left the garden, ordered that she might be left alone, and locked her chamber-door. It was night before she awoke from her meditation. She found herself in the same posture into which she had thrown herself when she first came in, could scarcely tell what had been the subject of her thoughts, felt herself exceedingly weary, and fell asleep.

In the morning when she opened her eyes, the first object which she saw was the picture of her husband. She had yesterday evening forgotten to take it off, and it still pressed upon her bosom. She suddenly withdrew her eyes, fixed them for a while upon the earth, and slowly turned them to the portrait. She shivered as she viewed it, and confessed that it represented a most beautiful and manly face. She arose, took it from her neck, and placed it with her jewels.

In the afternoon the captain's letter fell again into her hands: she perused it, walked several times up and down the garden, and returned to her room, took the portrait out, looked at it, and put it in its place again. Her appetite was gone, she took no refreshment, and never rested long in a place. Love gradually retreated from her heart; but she parted with it as from a dear friend whom inexorable fate tears from our presence. We call him repeatedly back, press him to our arms, embrace him, hold him fast, but at last we are obliged to let him go, and our eyes follow him, with a bleeding heart.

For some days afterwards, Louisa was quieter. She carried the Baron's letter in her bosom, but she carried it to be secure from rapturing. She could repeat every word of it by heart; but a single view of it had more effect than all. She went to the case which contained her valuables, stood for some moments unresolved; at last she opened it, and took out her husband's portrait. She then sat down, and closely examined it. The sight of it was too affecting, her heart beat, she uttered frequent sighs, and at last the pearly drops, that had long stood trembling in her eyes, fell in streams upon the ground.

(To be Continued.)

WIT—HUMOUR.

Dr. Trusler says, that wit relates to the matter, humour to the manner; that our old comedies abound with wit, and our old actors with humour—that humour always excites laughter, but wit does not; that a fellow of humour will set a whole company in a roar, but that there is a smartness in wit, which cuts while it pleases. Wit, he adds, always implies sense and abilities, while humour does not. Humour is chiefly relished by the vulgar, but education is requisite to comprehend wit. Humour seems to exclude, and wit to include the idea of thought, study and difficulty. Humour judges by instinct, wit by comparison.

Parallel between the Language of Men and Beasts.

It is imagined, by some philosophers, that birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) understand one another, by the sounds they utter; and that dogs and cats have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus, it may be supposed, that the nightingale of Italy have as fine an air for their native wood-notes as any Signior, or Signiora, for an Italian air; that the bears of Westphalia, gruntle as expressively through the nose, as the inhabitants of High Germany; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland, croak as intelligibly as the natives jabber their low Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those, whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between chattering and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once. Grunters and growlers may be justly compared to hogs; snarlers are curs; and the spiteful, passionate, are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear stroking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are screech-owls; and story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are cuckoos. Poets, who prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than asses. Critics, in general, are venomous serpents, who delight in hissing; and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms, without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies.

ANECDOTE.

The municipality of a corporation town in the neighbourhood of Weymouth, immediately previous to the departure of the Royal Family from that favourite watering-place, published the following proclamation:—

"Whereas His Majesty the King and Queen is expected to honour this ancient corporation with their presence in the course of their tour: in order to prevent them from meeting no impediment in his journey, the worshipful the Mayor and Bailiffs have thought proper, that the following regulations shall be *prohibited*, as follows: Nobody must leave no dust, nor nothing in that shape, before their doors nor shops; and all wheel-barrows, cabbage stalks, marble stones, and other vegetables, must be swept out of the streets. Any one who shall fail giving offence in any of these articles shall be dealt with according to law, without bail or mainprize.

"God save his Majesty the King and Queen, and his Worship the Mayor."

A REFINEMENT ON WAGERING.

Nor many minutes before two unfortunate men, lately hung at the Old Bailey, were *dropped off*, a young nobleman present, betted 100 guineas to 20, that the letter-man, who was the shorter of the two, would give the *last kick*. The wager was taken, and he won; for the other died almost instantly, while the letter-man was convulsed nearly six minutes.

To the Editor of the Weekly Museum.

SIR,

The following Song is taken from a Drama now publishing here, entitled, *The Orphan of Prague*. By inserting it, you will much oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

O'er a frozen Lapland's icy cline,
The chilly northern tempest blows,
Round her drear coast, the cover'd shores
Are wild and white with winter's snows.
Of Lapland's shores not all the snows,
Nor the chill breath that Boreas blows,
Are half so bleak, or half so rude,
As doleful, dark ingratitude.

When wan despair distraction wings,
And lovers sad and wandering sigh;
Then, void of hope, pale death appears,
The poor and wretched victims die.
But not the pangs when lovers sigh,
No, not the pangs when lovers die,
Are half so sharp, or half so rude,
As doleful, dark ingratitude.

DELIA'S GRAVE.

'My love was sweeter than the rose,
Wash'd with the morning dew—
But cold she lies as wintry snows,
Beneath this lonely yew;
From hence my sorrows and my care,
Will, with my days increase,
For, ah! my love lies buried here,
And with her all my peace!

Where daisy-dappled banks invite;
Or by the fountain clear;
Or upland slope could yield delight,
If Delia she was there:—
Attun'd to love our hearts were true,
When wandering through the grove;
Each bird hung forward from its bough,
To hear the voice of love.

Where beds of flowers their fragrance breathe,
—The woodbine bower among—
There, as she wore the civic wreath,
She charm'd me with her song;
Delicious, then the balmy gale,
That kiss'd the thistle's beard;
The myrtle grove, and elm eld vale,
Her lovely hands had rear'd.

But now, alas! nor puding rill;
Nor daisy-dappled dale;
Nor myrtle grove; nor sloping hill,
Nor odour-fanning gale.
Nor violet bank; nor roseate bower:
Nor shade of alder tree,
Can, since my Delia is no more,
Diffuse their charms to me.

PRIDE.

CURST in thyself, Oh, Pride! thou canst not be
More competently curst by me.
Hence, sullen self-tormenting, stupid sot!
Thy dullness damps our joys: we want thee not.
Round the gay table side by side,
Social we sit; there is no room for Pride;
We cannot bear thy melancholly face—
The company is full: thou hast no place.

Man, man, thou little graveling elf,
Turn thine eyes inwards, view thyself;
Draw out thy balance, hang it forth,
Weigh every atom thou art worth,
Thy peerage, pedigree, estate,
(The pains that Fortune took to make thee great)
Toss them all in—stars, garters, strings,
Heap up the mass of tawdry things.
The whole regalia of kings;
Now watch the beam, and fairly say,
How much does all this trumpery weigh?
Give in the total; let the scale be just,
And own proud mortal, own thou art but dust.

GOOD BREEDING

Is not confined to externals, much less to any particular dress or attitude of the body. It is the art of pleasing, or contributing as much as possible to the ease and happiness of those with whom you converse.

Perhaps the summary of good breeding may be reduced to this rule: 'Behave unto all men, as you would they should behave unto you'—This will most certainly oblige us to treat all mankind with the utmost civility and respect, there being nothing which we desire more, than to be treated so by them—The ambitious, the covetous, the proud, the vain, the angry, the debauchee, the glutton, are all lost in the character of the well bred man: or if nature should now and then venture to pop forth, she withdraws in an instant, and doth not show enough of herself to become ridiculous.

ILL BREEDING,

Says the Abbe Bellegarde, is not a single defect, it is the result of many. It is sometimes a gross ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others what is due to them. It is a peevish malignity, which inclines us to oppose the inclinations of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of a foolish vanity, which hath no complaisance for any other person: the effect of a proud and whimsical humour, which soars above all the rules of civility; or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind, which panders itself with a rude and disobliging behaviour.

LIBERTINE.

THOUGH a goodness of heart might be pleaded in favour of a man of dissipation, an entire profligacy of manners will corrupt the best heart in the world—and all that a good-natured libertine can expect, is, that we should mix some glances of pity with our contempt and abhorrence.

MONEY.

GOLD, in this world, covers as many sins as charity in the next.

Wealth has a surer interest to introduce rogues into company, than virtue to introduce poverty.

Money got with labour and safety is constantly preserved, while the produce of danger and ease is commonly spent as easily, and often as wickedly as acquired.

When riches surprise a man as it were in the midst of poverty and distress the consequence often leads to an extreme.—Sometimes excessive avarice—but oftener extreme prodigality.

Nothing out of nothing, is not a truer maxim in physics than in politics; and every man who is greatly destitute of money, is, on that account, entirely excluded from all means of acquiring it.

SLEEP.

THOUGH sleep is a powerful friend to the distressed like other powerful friends, he is not always ready to give his assistance to those who want it most.

SINGULARITY.

THERE are some men so eager to be remarkable that if they can purchase general observation at no less a rate, they will condescend to be ridiculous, and prefer to be laughed at, rather than not being taken notice of.

VIRTUE

Is a diamond, which when the world despises, it is plain that knaves and fools have too much sway therein.

The Weekly Advertiser.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 21, 1809.

The city inspector reports the death of 39 persons (of whom 10 were men, 7 women, 14 boys, and 8 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of cholera 1, consumption 3, convulsions 4, debility 1, dropsy 3, dysentery 1, hives 3, liver disease 1, mortification 1, old age 1, palsy 1, pleurisy 2, rupture of a blood-vessel 1, sprue 1, still-born 1, whooping-cough 3, worms 2, and 5 (in defiance of reason and experience) have been wickedly sacrificed to the small-pox.

Government have chartered the ships Mentor and Pacific, the former to proceed from this port to Lorient, and the latter to Falmouth, with dispatches. It is intended that they shall sail in seven or eight days.

NATIONAL ELECTION.

The following are the returns of all the votes for President and Vice President of the United States.

STATES.	Pres.		V. P.		Whole Number.
	Madison.	Monroe.	Clinton.	Living.	
New-Hampshire	—	7	—	7	7
Massachusetts	—	19	—	19	19
Rhode-Island	—	4	—	4	4
Connecticut	—	9	—	9	9
Vermont *	6	—	—	—	6
New-York †	13	—	13	—	19
New-Jersey	8	—	8	—	8
Pennsylvania	20	—	20	—	20
Delaware	—	3	—	3	3
Maryland	9	2	9	2	11
Virginia	24	—	24	—	24
North-Carolina	11	3	11	3	14
South-Carolina	10	—	10	—	10
Georgia	6	—	6	—	6
Kentucky	8	—	8	—	8
Tennessee	5	—	5	—	5
Ohio *	3	—	—	—	3
TOTAL.	123	47	114	47	176

* Vermont and Ohio voted for John Langdon for Vice-President.

† New-York—George Clinton 5 votes for President, and James Madison and James Monroe, each 3 votes for Vice-President.

Albany, Jan. 9.—A melancholy affair took place in the eastern part of the town of Schoharie, in the county of Schoharie, on the evening of the 27th of December, which terminated in the instant death of one of the parties. A number of people were collected at a store for the purpose of social enjoyment at the Christmas holidays, when one Jacob Garrison, upon some provocation or other, challenged one Gershom Scranton to fight—which from the testimony as taken down at the Coroner's Inquest, the latter declined. But so it terminated that Garrison, with a single blow of his fist, under the ear of Scranton, killed him instantly—a surgeon instantly attended to let blood; but without effect and yesterday a Coroner's Inquest was held over the dead body, and found that the de-

ceased came to his death by *Wilful Murder*, &c. by the said Garrison, who is committed for trial.

On Wednesday night, the 11th inst. the Post-Office at Richmond, (Virg.) was robbed of between \$ and 400 dollars, a part of which will be recovered, as it fortunately consists of checks on the Bank of Virginia. It was only two or three days before this robbery, that the money had been collected from the merchants of the city.

SALES AT AUCTION,
BY ROBERT M-MENNOMY,
This evening, at half past 5 o'clock, at his Auction-Room, No. 120, Water-street, next to the Tontine Coffee-House,
A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS AND STATIONARY.
January 21, 1809. 1040—tf.

JUST PUBLISHED,
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
THE TRIAL OF
LIEUTENANT RENSHAW,
OF THE U. S. NAVY,
INDICTED FOR CHALLENGING
JOSEPH STRONG, ESQ.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TO FIGHT A DUEL.
With the Speeches of the learned counsel, Colden, Hoffman, and Emmet.
Taken in Short-hand, by William Sampson, Esq.
With an Appendix, containing the Proceedings of the Naval Court of Inquiry, held by order of the Secretary of the Navy.
December 31, 1808

HUTCHINS IMPROVED ALMANACK,
For 1809 :
By the Groce, Dozen, or Single One.
For Sale at this Office.

S. DAWSON'S,
WARRANTED DURABLE INK,
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE
by the quantity or single bottle, at No. 3, Peck Slip, and at the Proprietor's, 48, Frankfort-street

WANTED,
A Boy as an Apprentice to the Gunsmith and Cutlery business, one from the country will be preferred enquire at this Office.
November 19 1031 tf.

JEWELRY,
At No. 200 Broad-way
EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from the Park to No 200 Broad way, where he solicits a continuance of their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and his attention to his business will fully meet with their approbation.

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold earrings, breast pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl, plain and enamel, and of every fashion, hair work, necklaces and gold do. bracelets, clasps, chains, watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are too numerous to mention: he will sell at the lowest price and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufactory, to be equal to any

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE
ON MODERATE TERMS.

RAGS.
Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office.

MARRIED,
On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Abel, Mr. Frederick Henn, merchant, to Miss Martha Watkins, both of this city.

DIED,
On Sunday evening last, Mr. John E. Helmes, harness-maker, of this city, in the forty-first year of his age.

On Tuesday morning last, after a short illness, at Kingsbridge, Mr. Caleb Hyatt, in the ninetyeth year of his age.

At St. John's, Island of Antigua, on the 7th of December, after a few days illness, Mr. Joseph Reade, a partner of the house of Reade and Jephson, of this city.

Lately, on Penobscot River, Madam Orono, aged 115 years, relict of Orono, late chief of the Penobscot tribe of Indians, who died a few years since, aged 110. She retained her natural faculties until a short time before her death.

In France, Baptiste Duport, brother of Mr. Duport, dancing-master, of this city.

SELECT CLASSICAL LIBRARY.

PROPOSALS,
OF WILLIAM DURELL & CO.
For publishing by subscription, in about One Hundred Volumes, duodecimo, to be ornamented with elegant Engravings, executed by Leary, May, Erick, Fairman, Tanner, &c.
A WORK, ENTITLED,

SELECT MISCELLANEOUS CLASSICS,
comprising the whole works of Pope, Swift, Smollet, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Sterne, Fielding, &c.
INCLUDING
The History of England, by Hume, Smollet, and Others;
And the celebrated Letters of Junius.

PROSPECTUS

THE Miscellaneous Classics are intended to comprise the above valuable and approved Authors. The works of Pope, in 10 volumes, are already published, as a specimen of the size, and style of execution, of this undertaking. The publishers intend issuing the residue to match those volumes already before the public, so as to complete an uniform set of these scarce and valuable books, which are intended to form a complete little Library of the choicest writings in the English language. This plan offers to the public a cheap and easy mode of procuring the best Books at a very reasonable price, by taking a volume at a time. The payment will be divided in such a manner as will put it in the power of almost every one to purchase it by subscribing. To those who do not subscribe, the price will be considerably increased. Having already obtained a very liberal patronage for the Classics, in 60 volumes, as originally proposed, it is presumed, the addition of the History of England, and the Letters of Junius, will not lessen the claims of the publishers to the further patronage of a liberal public. Gentlemen who are educating their Sons, will find it a material saving to take this work for them, as it will not cost more than one third of the price of the London editions of the same authors.

TERMS.

1. The Miscellaneous Classics are printing on the Finest Vellum Paper, such as the first ten volumes already published.
2. The work will be issued, one or more volumes a month, and delivered to subscribers in extra boards at One Dollar each, payable on delivery: and if hot-pressed, One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents.
3. Any persons having other editions of any of these authors, may have the privilege of taking such as they have not.
4. Individuals procuring Subscribers, are entitled to one copy for every ten they may obtain, they becoming responsible for the payment.
5. The names and residence of the subscribers to the Miscellaneous Classics, shall be published at the end of the work.

Those who determine on patronizing this undertaking, will confer an obligation on the publishers, by communicating their names, through the Post-Office, and the volumes which are published will be immediately sent, agreeably to their directions.
New-York, January 14, 1809 1039—H

COURT OF APOLLO.

AN INVITATION TO WALK BY MOON.

LIGHT.

*Per incertam lunam—
Est iter in silva.*

VIGIL.

Will you my love? the moon is high,
The air is calm, the night's serene,
A lucid and a cloudless sky,
Sillvers o'er the soften'd scene.

Will you my love? the hour's so still,
So solemn that, methinks, I hear
The E-fins on the hollow hill,
Footing their magic morrice, near.

Will you my love? come forth and see,
How the mild moon, so chastely bright,
Essays to steal a beam from thee,
And thus reflect a lovelier light!

Behold! how all its choicest rays,
Round and round the window move,
Bright'ning in their amorous gaze,
And trembling as they kiss thee—love.

And hark! the bird from yonder grove
Woos thee to hat her pensive song,
While echoes sweeten a rains of love,
And every thrilling note prolong.

Then come, and this soft hour serene,
Devote to softer thoughts and—me,
Adding to this fair lovely scene,
The fairer, lovelier sight of thee.

THE LADIES FASHIONABLE MODE OF SHOPPING.

Here comes Miss Lighthead and her tasty sister!
Jack, off the counter, wait upon the ladies;
Show 'em what they call for, tell the price of each piece!
Do your best to please 'em

'Have you any cambricks, that are yard and half wide?
What's the price of that tape-striped dimity?
Three and sixpence, madam—! Let me see a better—
Give me a pattern.

Have you any stockings, very nice, with lac'd clocks?
What are these a pair Sir!—! Madam they are eight shillings—

'I'm sure I saw much better, for only six, at Draper's,
They will not answer.

I'll look, Sir, at that lustre—! is eight and six the lowest?

I'll give you seven shillings—! That's less than what it cost ma'am!

'I'll give you seven-and-sixpence—! madam you may take it!

'I'll call again, Sir.'

FRENCH TUITION.

At No. 1, Magazine, near Chatham Street,
Where the French Language is now taught, and where the School will continue to be kept during the whole season. Persons desirous of becoming acquainted with that almost universal language, and who may favour M. Fraissier with their commands, will have a good opportunity, during that time to acquire a competent knowledge of the language to transact business, in general.

N.B. An evening School is kept, for the convenience of Gentlemen who find it inconvenient to attend in day time.

THE MORALIST.

DEATH.

Philosophy has been constantly held up as of great use in teaching us to die. But one page of the gospel teaches this lesson better than all the volumes of ancient or modern philosophers. Many of that sect, no doubt, from the light of reason, discovered some hopes of a future state, but in reality, that light was so faint and glimmering, and the hopes so uncertain and precarious, that it may be justly doubted on which side their belief turned. Plato himself concludes his Phædon with declaring, that his best arguments amount only to raise a probability; and Cicero seems rather to profess an inclination to believe, than any actual belief in the doctrines of immortality.

But the assurance the gospel gives us of another life is a much stronger support to a good mind than all the consolations that are drawn from the necessity of nature, the emptiness or satiety of our enjoyments here, or any other topic of those declamations, which are sometimes capable of arming our minds with a stubborn patience in bearing the thoughts of death; but never of raising them to a real concept of it, and much less of thinking it a real good.

A mind once violently hurt by the death of a person dear to them in affection, grows as it were, callous to any future impressions of grief, and is never capable of feeling the same pangs a second time.

LESSONS ON THE PIANO-FORTE.

FREDERICK W. DANNENBERG
Proposes to give Lessons on the Piano Forte, at his residence, No. 60, Maiden-lane, on the following Terms.

1. To enable him to pay the utmost attention to the progress of his Pupils, he will engage with Only Twelve Scholars.
2. Six scholars to form a Class, and to be taught at a time.
3. Each class to receive their lessons twice a week, from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.
4. Each class to consist of scholars of equal capacity, so as to render the instructions in their progress equally beneficial to all.
5. As soon as six scholars have offered, the Tuition to commence.
6. Terms \$ 12 50 cents per quarter, for each scholar.

Mr. Dannenberg pledges himself, that his pupils shall have the strictest attention paid to their accomplishment in this branch of Polite Education.

N. B. He continues giving Private Lessons on the Piano-forte at his House, and attends Ladies at their Houses, if required.

For sale, a very fine toned GRAND PIANO-FORTE, of Messrs. Broadwood and Son London—selected by Mr. Frederick Rausch.

December 10, 1808.

1034—tf

MINIATURE PAINTING.

P. PARISEN

Respectfully informs the Ladies and gentlemen, that he continues to paint likenesses, from 5 to 10 dollars each—the likenesses and painting warranted to please. Specimens to be seen at No. 104, Chatham-Street where Gold Locketts, Bracelets, and all kinds of Hair Work, is executed on the most reasonable terms.

Nov. 5.

1029—tf

A PEW FOR SALE.

The Pew, No. 140, in Christ's Church, being the second from the wall, in the north-west corner of the Church.—For terms apply at No. 104, Maiden-lane, January 14, 1809.

1039—tf

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete warranted tight, by
C ALFORD
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE BY
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
FROM LONDON,

At the Sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies or-namented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball far superior to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles
Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Noses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3 4 8s and 12s bottle, or 5 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot Smith's Tooth Paste warranted

Violet Double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d
Smith's Sarcocollate Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot, do paste

Smith's Cymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superfine Hair-Powder. A hair powder for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box
Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 3s and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Set of Lemons for taking out iron mold
The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Stroops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

8 Trunks Marseilles Pomatum

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 1, 1808

FOR SALE, A FARM AND MILLS.

in the County of Orange, State of New York, two miles from Cornwall Landing, and 60 miles from the City of New-York.—The Farm contains 120 acres, mostly good land, with sufficient meadow and wood; the best kinds of grafted fruit, apples, pears, peaches, plums, &c. a good dwelling-house, barn, and other out-houses, and a well by the door. The Mill is 40 by 60 feet, built of stone. It is a strong building, with two run of Burr stones, and a good stream; and may be converted to carrying on any kind of manufacture.—The whole is to be sold cheap, and a good title will be given by the subscriber, on the premises.

CALEB SUTTON.

December 17, 1808.

1035—tf

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISSON

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE